The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

MARY LOUISE BURKE, mezzo-soprano

assisted by

SAMUEL LANCASTER, piano

Tuesday, March 14, 1978 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Arie "Tod und Moder dringt herein" . . . . . Georg Philipp Telemann
from Kantate "Harmonischer Gottesdienst (1725) (1681-1767)
William Damur, flute
Rebecca Denson, cello

from Rückertlieder (1902) (texts by Friedrich Rückert) . . . . . .Gustav Mahler
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft (1860-1911)
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Liebst du um Schönheit
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Two Little Flowers (and dedicated to them) . . . . . Charles Ives
The Children's Hour . . . . . (1874-1954)
Spring Song . . . . . .
In the Alley . . . . . .
Maple Leaves . . . . . .
Watchman! . . . . . .
Memories . . . . . .
a) very pleasant
b) rather sad
Walking . . . . . .

INTERMISSION

Die Nonne und der Ritter, Op. 28, No. 1 . . . . . Johannes Brahms
Es rauschet das Wasser, Op. 28, No. 3 . . . . . (1833-1897)
Der Jäger und sein Liebchen, Op. 28, No. 4. . . . . .

Ich denke dein, Op. 78, No.3 . . . . . Robert Schumann
Ich bin dein Baum, O Gärtner, Op. 101, No. 3 . . . . . (1810-1856)
Robert Mast, baritone

Three Songs for Voice and Piano . . . . . Maurice Ravel
D'Anne qui me jecta de la Neige (1898) (1875-1937)
D'Anne jouant de l'Espinette (1898)
Manteau de Fleurs (1903)

Siete Canciones populares Españolas (1922) . . . . . Manuel de Falla
El Paño Moruno (1876-1946)
Sequidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Burke.

Reception following at 9626 - 69 Avenue. Everyone welcome!

Tod und Moder

Death and putrefaction penetrate here;
and break this temple asunder.
Jesus will renew it; nothing will divide it.
The divinity of His pure light
fills and sanctifies my limbs.

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
(I breathed a gentle Scent)

I breathed a gentle scent
In the room stood a branch of linden,
A gift from a dear hand.
How lovely was the scent of linden.
How lovely is the scent of linden,
The spring of linden you gathered gently!
I breathe softly amid the scent of linden
Love's gentle scent.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
(Do not look at my Songs)

Do not look at my songs!
My eyes I lower,
Like caught in an evil act.
I do not dare myself,
To watch their growing.
Do not look at my songs!
Your curiosity is betrayal!
Bees, when they build cells,
Won't permit a watcher either,
They themselves do not look on.
When the rich honeycombs
Are brought into daylight by them,
Then be the first to take your fill,
Take your fill!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
(I have become lost to the World)

I have become lost to the world,
On which I formerly wasted much time;
It has heard nothing for so long from me,
It may well believe that I have died!
I do not care at all,
If it considers me as dead.
I also cannot contradict it,
For really I have died,
Died to the world.
I have died to the world's turmoil
And rest in a silent domain.
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song.

Liebst du um Schönheit
(If you love for beauty)

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me!
Love the sun, adorned by golden hair!
If you love for youth, oh do not love me!
Love the spring, it is young every year!
If you love for treasures, oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many shimmering pearls!
If you love for love, oh yes, then love me!
Love me always, I love you forever, forever!

Die Nonne und der Ritter
(The Nun and the Knight)

She: The world went to sleep, my desire awoke with the stars. In the coolness I must listen to the rush of the waves below

He: From the distance the waves carry me, The waves that so sadly strike beneath your window lattice. Lady, know you then the Knight?

She: It is as if strange voices swim through the lukewarm air. Again the wind blows. Ah, my heart is so oppressed!

He: Over there lies your dilapidated castle, there is lamenting in its deserted halls. On the ground, the forest greeted me. It was as if I had to die.

She: Old sounds blossom; just as in times long forgotten, Wistfulness wants still to shine upon me and I would like from my heart to weep.

He: Above the forest, it lightenings in the distance, where they quarrel about Christ's grave. There will I steer my ship, there all will end.

She: There goes a ship, a man stands inside. A false night, that confuses the senses. Adieu, world. God should preserve those who travel confusedly in the dark.

Es rauschet das Wasser

She: The water rushes and does not stay still, The stars and the clouds in the sky cheerfully move about. So rushes love and travels there.

He: The water rushes and the clouds dissolve. The stars walk and go. So also is it with love, sent by a faithful one, It travels and moves yet changes not.

Der Jäger und sein Liebchen
(The Hunter and his Sweetheart)

He: Is not the sky so blue? Stand at the window and look. I will come home from the hunt late tonight!

She: I have told you that I want to go dancing tonight. Stay outside of the door if you do not want to dance with me!

He: Maiden, the sky is blue; stand at the window and look until late in the night when I come home from the hunt.

She: Even though the sky is blue, I will never look at it if you come home late from the hunt

Ich denke dein
(I think of you)

I think of you when the sun's rays from the sea shine on me.
I think of you in the moonlight.
I see you when the dust rises on the distant path; late in the night when the hiker trembles as he crosses the narrow foot-bridge.

Ich denke dein continued.....
I think of you

I hear you when, with heavy frenzy, the waves rise.
Into the quiet forest I often go to listen, when everything is silent.
I am with you, even though you are distant, you are close to me.
The sun sinks and soon the stars shine on me.
O would that you were there!

Ich bin dein Baum, o Gärtner
(I am your tree, o gardener.)

She: I am your tree, o gardener, of fidelity.
I flourish in love's care and sweet cultivation.
Come, that I may gratefully scatter the ripened fruit in your lap, the fruit that is grown for you alone.

He: I am your gardener, O you tree of fidelity!
Of other happiness I feel no jealousy.
The precious branches I find always newly laden with fruit, where I have picked the fruit.

D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige
(Of Anne who threw snow at me)

Anne threw snow at me in play
From which I would certainly have caught cold:
But 'twas fire I experienced,
For I was suddenly kindled.
Since fire lodges secretly
In the snow, where will I find somewhere
Where I will no longer burn? Anne, thy favor alone
Can extinguish the fire which I certainly feel,
Not all by water, snow or ice.
But feeling a fire equal to mine.

D'Anne jouant de l'Espinette
(Of Anne playing the spinet)

When I see in order the young
Brunnette in good form and endowed by the gods
And that her voice, her finger and the spinet
Produce a gentle and melodious sound,
Both my ears and eyes are ravished,
More than the saints in their immortal flory,
And still more glorious than them do I become
No sooner than I think that I am loved by her a little.

Manteau de fleurs (Mantle of Flowers)

All the flowers in my garden are rosy,
The color of rose in its beauty clad.
The primroses are the first to open,
Followed by tulips and rosy hyacinths.
The pretty pinks, the so lovely roses,
All kinds of flowers in rosy bloom
In the spring and in the summer
The color of rose in its beauty is clad!
All my peonies are rosy,
Rosy too are my gladiolus,
Rosy my geraniums; alone,
In all this rosy hue a little troubling,
The lilies are empowered to stay white,
And when she passes among the flowers
Bedecked with pearly dew like tears,
In the intoxicating perfume of the roses,
Amidst the caress of things aound
All grace and purity of love!
The flowers are a rosy mantle
With which her beauty is adorned.

El Paño Moruno

On the delicate fabricate in the store there fell a stain.
Now it sells for a lower price because it has lost its value.

Sequidilla Murciana

Who ever has a roof of glass should not throw stones at his neighbor.
We are mule drivers; perhaps on the road we shall meet.
Because of your inconstancy, I compare you to a pesata that passes from hand to hand.
That finally becomes so rubbed down, that believing it false,
no one will take it.

Asturiana

To see if I could be consoled I sought comfort of a green pine tree.
On seeing me weep, it wept too.
And the pine tree, since it was green,
seeing me weep, it wept too!

Jota

They say that we don't love each other because they never see us talking; but of your heart, and of mine, they have only to ask.
Now I bid farewell to you, to your house and your window.
Even though your mother may not like it,
good-bye little girl until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not like it.

Nana

Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Sleep my soul.
Sleep little star of the morning.

Canción

Because they are traitors, your eyes, I will bury them.
You don't know how painful it is, "from heaven", little one to look at them.
"Mother, from their edge".
Little one to look at them. "Mother"
They say that you don't love me; yet once you did love me.
Gone is my love, "from heaven", it is lost.
"Mother from their edge" it is lost. "Mother"

Polo

Ay! I am hiding a pain in my breast that I will reveal to no one.
Cursed love! And the one who taught it to me
Ay!